

shires Magazine," were jubilant. Olive Anderson wrote excitedly to Jack that in one or two more elections they would be able to build their home in the Cooperative Commonwealth.

Jack however, was too much of a biologist, and economist, to be thus easily carried away; he realized that every tide must have an ebb, and could plainly see in this apparent wave of radicalism the tendency to a speedy dissolution. He realized that much of the sentiment now active in the miners organization was exactly, what Olive had described as animating the farmers, second hand politicians, and real estate sharks of Boulder. The miners as a whole were not class conscious; they were "sore" at Cleveland, for demonitizing the silver thereby closing many of the silver mines throwing vast numbers out of employment. He realized that the Federation was not composed of Haywood's, St. John's and others that he knew. In fact the real radicals were few and far between. Working with the miners, he had a more or less accurate appreciation of their mental status. To Olive and for that matter to all people, who read socialist papers, the action of the miner's convention seemed to be really significant. They thought that they beheld the rosy fingered dawn of freedom, in this flickering light of discontent. At least such was Olive's view, and now that Collins was gone Jack did not attempt to set her right.

Now that he was alone, he wrote strictly in his own vain. His letters were expressions of himself undimmed by the criticisms of his friend. They were a medley of his hopes and longings; a revelry of castles hung in air. With Collins not at his side to lead him into the fray, the boy gravitated back to his books and notes, and ultimately away from the work which he only did because Collins liked it. He felt convinced that industrial development had not gone far enough, for anything but sporadic action on the part of the masses. Thus it was that he secretly wished that Olive would not be so deeply interested in this work of organization. He feared that in its present form it could only lead to a fruitless martyrdom. But for all that he did not discourage her, he only wrote in another vein hoping if possible to get her interested in the work in which his mind clung too.

Personally he changed his habits. He no longer went to the meetings or conducted meetings in the open air, as he did when Collins was with him. The literature that came with every mail, was piling up in the cabin but remained unsold. The miners who had helped Collins and himself also neglected the work. They acted as sheep with out a shepherd. For a few days he had tried to get them into action, but they generally said, "wait till Ed gets back." Meanwhile many of them got drunk, and Jack knew how Collins despised drinking. He could not under-

labor will be most productive. And all this can only be realized and attained according to one single plan, with a complete unification of all society into one great labor-union.

In this communistic society, people will not be sitting on each other's necks. There will be no rich and no fleeced, no rulers and no subjects; society will not be divided into classes, one of which rules over the others. And once there are no classes, there are no longer several kinds of people (poor and rich), some of whom are gnashing their teeth at the others, the exploiters against the exploited, the exploited against the exploiters. Therefore there will be no such organization as the State, for there will be no governing class which would need to keep up a special organization for the maintenance of its privileges against its class opponents. There will be no government over people and no power of man over man: there will only be a control over things, over machines, a power of human society over nature. The human race will not be divided into hostile camps: it will be united by a common cause, the common struggle to master the forces of nature. Boundary posts are overturned and separate fatherlands annihilated. All mankind without distinction of nationality will be united in all parts, and organized in one single whole. All the peoples will then constitute one great fraternal laboring family.

stand how he could be so devoted to this work, seeing that organization was so difficult. "Radicalism is a disease of his brain," he said to himself. His eye fell upon a clipping from the 'Appeal' which Olive had sent him and which he had pasted on the wall of his cabin. It was headed "Arouse ye Slaves." He looked at it thru half closed eyes, and before his mind's eye, he could see the vast mass of labor astir but the stirring was not intelligent; it was akin to the meaningless wriggling of worms. Such action could give rise to violence but not to a new order of things.

"Arouse ye Slaves, strike off your chains and become free." These had been the words of Spartacus, and of Black Sheep before him and since his time. Six thousand years of failure! and yet he and Collins had been trying the thing that had been tried thruout the ages with but partial and always temporary success. He smiled at the egotism of the whole idea, as he tore the paper from the wall and threw it into a corner of the room. "Time alone will complete the job and my little work cannot alter it, one way

or the other. My mind is made up, I am going to study nature, and become a writer and a lecturer, so as to do my little bit in adding to the intelligence of those who have intellect, and let the rest float along with the stream of life. Who am I that I should attempt to stop Niagara with my hands." Then suddenly pulling himself together as if he were caught in crime, he thought of what Collins would say if he left the labor movement and of how disappointed Olive might be at his apostasy. Surely they would misconstrue his motives, yet the spell of his nature was upon him; he could not resist the thought that came willy nilly into his brain. Thru the little window in his cabin he could see the mountains purple in their summer haze, above them shaped like a man's hand hung a cloud that seemed to beckon him away from the camp with its dirt and smoke; and into the canyons where the ferns and mosses entwine over the sparkling waters which flow from the rocky breast of the mountains.

(Continued next week.)

President Lewis received the "thanks" of President Wilson for ordering the miners back to work. But the miners—oh, well, they wern't supposed to get ANYTHING.